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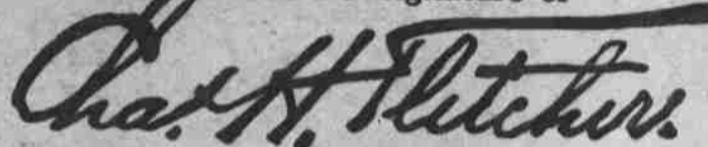
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AN AIR ROMANCE

By CAROL GAY.

The little brown cottage had four occupants, a stout and comely matron whom the neighbors called Mother M— and her three daughters, Esther, Elspeth and Jean. They were, one and all, tall and most divinely fair. There was the straight, virgine beauty in the wild, clear-eyed and goddess-like. And they were one and all deliciously youthful. In fact Esther was twenty-one, Elspeth twenty, and Jean seventeen, thick braids still down her back.

Esther was the tallest and the most beautiful.

Elspeth was slim and always clad in black, in memory of a lover, war-killed, with tender gray eyes, overflowing always with love and kindness; wide, smiling red lips; poor girl, she had taught those lips to smile again, with steady, patient resolution, and a coronet of glossy chestnut braids.

And Jean! Jean, her starry eyes forever aglow, was the brightest ray of Mother M—'s halo.

Each Sunday eve as Esther departed after her week-end visit, stiff and starched, with a full valise, Jean would gaze at her with wistfulness and whisper: "Oh, you are so fortunate, Easie."

It was on Monday, Jean would never forget that epoch-making day! It was stormy and Esther had concluded not to set forth until Tuesday. Old Widow W— was ill of lung bago, with not a soul to care for her.

"Prepare a basket, and we will go to her at once. No help indeed! 'Twas Widow W— made my wedding gown. I'll pay her in full for all her kindness," declared the kindly Mother M—, as she tied on her bonnet.

And Jean, eager for the trip, obeyed with alacrity.

The widow made comfortable, and her mother securely installed in the humble abode, Jean resumed her wander and catching up her empty basket sped toward home.

Not a hundred feet from the widow's cottage, Jean, peering through the thick fog, discerned an unfamiliar object on the ground. She drew nearer. An enormous eagle? No, an air plane! Jean observed it fascinatedly. It was poised on one wing. The rest was shattered. Then Jean stepped back in wide-eyed horror. A still straight form beneath!

The man was not dead, no! "But he was badly injured," said Doctor B— as he bent over the boyish white face on the pillow. "Lucky that the girl happened along and called you, mother, else the lad might have died."

Jean, encouraged by his manner, asked in a small, frightened voice, if the patient could be moved to her own home; explaining that there was scarce room for the widow and her attendant, much less for the aviator and Jean. In the small cottage.

"We will see, we will see. Perhaps when he is better," smiled the doctor, and that ended it.

Jean ran home to tell her sisters the news, while Mother M— hovered capably between the two patients.

Saturday. The aviator had been ill for nearly a month. Esther arrived today for her weekly visit and John R—, for that was the young man's name, was to be moved to the M— dwelling, there to convalesce.

At last he was sitting there in the shabby old armchair, smiling up at her with his funny, quirky grin.

"A penny for your thoughts, little maid," he said at last. Jean laughed suddenly, and patted his hand.

"They were of you and Esther, dear angelman." But his mind was far away as he gazed out of the little window.

Esther came and with her a strange spirit of shattered peace that puzzled and disturbed her youngest sister.

Poor little maiden, running to the sweet shelter of the crowding mist, fighting back the sob as she spoke to the eerie white shadows that followed her ever and anon: "But I love him, I love him! Why? I found him here in the valley. You brought him to me. Do not take him away! I love him!"

That day and the day after Esther was constantly at his side, smiling, talking, attending him, her blue eyes kindled at last.

And Jean, miserable little Jean, lay sobbing in the cheerless loft. But it is given to him who hath. So it was restored to her who had found and cherished. Jean, bidding farewell to her sister Monday morning at the turn of the stone-bordered path, said listlessly: "Sister, how soon will you and the eagleman be married?" Esther stared and laughed. "You mean John? Why, the boy is only twenty-one. You silly little sister! Why do you flush and start so, Jean?"

Jean paused solemnly. "Because Love and Adventure have swooped upon me from the West. Good-by, Easie."

Then she ran into the house. John was sitting disconsolately by the window. He brightened as he heard her soft footsteps, and turning saw her eager face.

"Jean, darling!" How naturally it came from his lips. But she looked surprised. He laughed, boyishly, happily.

"Didn't you know? I think the eagle has found his mate. What does she say, Jeanette?"

Jean buried her head in his blankets.

"His mate says—yes," she whispered. (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE 'TANGLED WEB'

By LOTTIE W. SIMMONS.

Aunt Betty was a good neighbor, a good cook and a good hand to look after the 17-year-old niece entrusted to her care—a pretty little miss with a too large appetite for ice cream sodas and the admiring glances of tall young soldiers.

When bake-a-pie day rolled around it fell to Elizabeth to wrap up the extra half-dozen delicious ones Aunt Betty baked and generously set aside for the soldiers. Right under the crust of the most tempting pie of all she surreptitiously tucked a small strip of paper with the words: "If you like this pie call at 22 Bowdoin street Saturday evening for another." Aunt Betty always baked on Saturday and spent the evening at the Red Cross rooms, leaving Elizabeth alone to keep house.

It was a most delicious pie, so thought Lieut. John H—, as he tucked Elizabeth's note inside his pocket. It was Saturday evening before he thought of it again, at just about the same time that Elizabeth was huffing her hair and wondering if her scheme for a little fun would bring any results.

When the bell rang Elizabeth flew to the door, a sweet little pink-faced vision in blue. Lieutenant H— was rather taken aback, but Elizabeth was equal to the occasion. "Oh, good evening," she smiled. "So you are the one that got my note, and you want another pie? Well, come right in—I have one for you—so glad you liked it."

John H— was by this time thoroughly enjoying the most unusual situation. In a pretty room with a pretty girl, tying up an extremely tempting-looking pie, all for him—well, the fates were kind, thought he. "I must compliment you on your skill as a pie-maker, Miss —," hesitating to learn her name. Elizabeth looked blank for a second; then "F—," she added glibly. "Elizabeth F—; and now who is going to accept this pie?" Elizabeth thrilled a little when she learned his name and his rank, and quite suddenly decided that he was very, very good-looking. They chatted pleasantly for a few moments, after which Lieutenant H— very properly took his leave.

"You may have another pie next Saturday evening—if you care to call for it," Elizabeth said coyly at the door, which invitation was most heartily accepted by the tall lieutenant.

The next morning Aunt Betty discovered that she was a pie short.

"Sakes alive! you didn't eat a whole pie last night, did you, Elizabeth?" she asked. "Mercy, no! Aunt Betty. Someone called at the door last night and I gave one away."

Aunt Betty had just placed the pie-board on the table when the telephone rang insistently. Elizabeth flew to answer it. "Oh, it's for you," she called. "Lizzie B— is sick and they want you to come right over." "Mercy," exclaimed Aunt Betty, "and my baking just begun! Well, I must go, that's plain. You might make that sponge cake. Keep the fire, and don't let the beans burn."

Elizabeth gazed in dismay at Aunt Betty's figure hurrying down the walk. That meant no pie for Lieutenant H— that night. Oh, if only she could bake one! Whatever had possessed her to let him believe she could—why hadn't she explained? What would he think of her? Disconsolately she mixed the sponge cake, but too wise to attempt the pie. Supper-time came, and no Aunt Betty. She telephoned instead saying that she would be home early in the evening. Elizabeth was in despair. Of course auntie would come while Lieutenant H— was there! What should she do? It was not the radiant Elizabeth of the week before who answered Lieutenant H—'s ring at the bell, but a very sober little girl in a plain white dress. Hardly was he seated before Aunt Betty hustled in. Elizabeth introduced them the best she could, and Aunt Betty's frown vanished before the frank smile and cordial handshake of the engaging young soldier. "If your niece will make such delicious pies," he began when the formalities were over. "Bless my soul," interrupted Aunt Betty, "did you bake pies today, Elizabeth? You never made pies before in your life!"

Looks on the two faces before her stopped her. "Oh, Mr. H— Oh, Aunt Betty," stammered Elizabeth; then realizing that she must either laugh or cry she began to laugh which was the best thing she could do. She explained everything to her listeners as gracefully as she could, ending with "I don't think I am a natural-born deceiver—really; still I don't know why I fooled you both so. Please forgive me." John H— laughed good-naturedly, seeming neither shocked nor offended, much to Elizabeth's relief. Aunt Betty, too, was kind as of course she would be. "You surely did weave a 'tangled web,' as the poet says, Elizabeth," she said with a laugh. "There isn't any pie for Mr. H— tonight, but you might bring on your sponge cake—I suppose you made one! And if he will come over to dine next Sunday there will be pie to grace our table no doubt."

Lieut. John H— was a frequent and welcome guest at the F— home after that. "I wonder which he likes the best," mused Elizabeth one night, "Aunt Betty's pies, or me?" but something in his eyes as they met hers across the supper table convinced her that he would still come if Aunt Betty never placed another pie before him; also that it was high time that she was learning how to bake pies herself.

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THE TANGLED DOTS.

By Clifford Leon Sherman.

"I don't know whether anybody will recognize my dot picture or not," said Caroline, "but it is a bird." "It looks something like an ostrich," said Fred, "but an ostrich puts his head in the sand and never in a —" (187)

ACTIVITY IN ROAD WORK

Many Western Counties Will Vote

The Twenty-Cent Tax

Levy.

There has been much good road activity in the state since the State legislature passed the 20 cent levy law. The federal, state and county appropriations will provide millions of dollars to be spent on highways.

In western Kentucky especially many counties are taking action. Christian, always in the lead, passed a \$400,000 bond issue three years ago, to add to her 125 miles of pike. She has the best roads of any county in Western Kentucky.

With few exceptions the move to better highways is appealing to the citizens of Kentucky.

Since April 17, Henderson, Webster, LaRue, Washington, Scott and Clark counties have voted in favor of the tax. Union county will vote on the question today. Grayson, Clinton and Mason counties are to vote at a later date.

McLean and Ohio are two of the few Kentucky counties which have decided against the tax. Daviess county has not voted on the question and no date has been set. Caldwell, Lyon and Trigg counties are now the scenes of preliminary good roads battles and a vote is likely to be taken in these counties soon.

One of the big roads now being discussed is from Louisville to Paducah. Several routes have been suggested but this has not been definitely settled. One of the routes would bring the road down along the Ohio to Owensboro and thence south to Paducah. Henderson is putting up a strong fight to have the road extended along the river, so as to be included in the route.

A road across the State is being urged by many boosters. I built as suggested it would begin at Owensboro, extend through Daviess, Ohio, Butler and Warren counties to Bowling Green.

Judge Wallace in Louisville granted 9 divorces in one day.

Union county had a death list of 20 in the air.

MILITARY ASPECTS OF TRANSCONTINENTAL FLIGHT

A successful transcontinental flight will no doubt provide certain information which will prove of value from the military viewpoint.

First of all it will prove a most exacting test as to the reliability and durability of the Liberty Motor. The U. S. Martin Bomber on its attempted record flight will carry a full military load—therefore if the flight is successfully made according to schedule, it will demonstrate that under fair wind conditions a heavy type army bombing plane has a sustaining cruising radius of 1500 miles in 18 hours. The general public is aware that a bomb dropping airplane is in effect an increase of range of the artillery.

Therefore it can be proved by such a flight as this that the U. S. army has an instrument which can play havoc with enemy troops, equipment and territory for a distance of 1500 miles inside his border—and photograph the results.

It will also demonstrate that machines of this type can be used for long coast patrols. It further demonstrates that local disturbances where martial law has been declared can easily be checked by a fleet of these aerial giants.

Again as time is a most important element in military engagements—it shows that military staff officers and military plans can be transported great distances in a surprisingly short time. In a word if the performance of the machine proves what is expected and hoped, it will corroborate the faith the public has in the inventive genius of this country—for this plane is in every respect a product of the brains and materials of these United States. This remarkable performance would be conclusive evidence that we have the ability to compete with the rest of the world for the supremacy of the air.

Incensed Over New Republic.

The German Government is incensed over the formation of a Rhenish Republic. It has ordered the arrest of Dr. Dorton, the president of the republic, and also has protested to the peace conference and the armistice commission at Spa against the behavior of the French authorities in the occupied Rhineland.

French support of the Rhenish republic is characterized by the German government as high treason against the empire.

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